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MENDELSSOHN'S "CHRISTUS."*

It is beyond a matter of opinion, it is now so universally acknowledged as to have passed into a matter of fact, that Mendelssohn excels as a writer of Oratorios every composer except only Handel, whose works have been publicly performed in this country. His excellence is manifested in his Psalms for voices and orchestra; in his Sinfonia-Cantata, the *Lobgesang*; in his masterly Oratorio, *St. Paul*, which might have been considered as defining the limit of what was possible for modern art to accomplish in the expression of the gravest, perhaps the highest feelings, and in the approach to that sublimity which is wholly out of the province of any other medium of human thought but music to embody, had it not been for his *Elijah*, in which, with less recourse to such artifices as constitute the chief means to Handel's greatest effects, and from the never-failing result of those powerful applications of them, were naturally if not correctly supposed to be the indispensable and the only materials that a musician could employ if he desired to stimulate the emotions in his hearers, that Handel's effects produce; had it not been for his *Elijah*, in which, with more reliance upon the resources of his own imagination, and greater confidence in those characteristics of phraseology, of development, of form, and especially, of colouring, which, in constituting his individual style, rank him among the fewest and the greatest who have so glorified the art as to make it an honour for even Mendelssohn to be a musician; had it not been for his *Elijah*, in which, with these intuitive principles of a matured great artist, he has most nobly vindicated his calling, and proved, by equalising without imitating the greatest master of sacred song, that modern art is, according to the power of genius through which it is manifested, capable of the greatest results that have made the production of a former century no less the despair than the veneration of all who could best appreciate them. It is not here to discuss the deference paid to conventional prejudice in the interspersion throughout *St. Paul* of pieces in the severe school of fugue-writing, the vaunted type of sublimity in sacred music; neither is it the purport of the present notice to point out the entire abrogation of all such shackles throughout *Elijah* in

which a healthy, original, and independent style is fully declared; but, I would call attention to these important distinctions between the two works, and to the important result of such distinction in the various effect of *St. Paul* and *Elijah* upon the ultimate and the highest tribunal of a work of art, the general public. We have to consider that *Elijah*, the first work wherein Mendelssohn manifests fully and without restraint his own individual style as an Oratorio writer, was produced at the age at which Handel commenced the wonderful series of Oratorios by which almost exclusively he is known, and which will preserve his name so long as music is understood, and here supposition gives place to giddy amazement if it attempt to conceive what might have been the result to the world had Mendelssohn lived to fulfil so long a career as that of his immortal predecessor, to make such advances upon *Elijah* as the *Messiah* is upon *Esther*.

Of all the works that Mendelssohn had in progress at the time of his death, there is none, perhaps, of which the incompletion is so much to be regretted as the projected Oratorio that was intended to embody the whole of the personal history of Christ; for, it is said that he had selected this the most sacred theme that holy story or divine doctrine can furnish, as his subject, with the intention to throw the utmost power of his vivid imagination into his treatment of it in the design to accomplish in it a work that should be worthy of the text, satisfactory of the expectations such a text would excite from such an author, and a perfect example of the capabilities of all that is especially his own in music. Two things are requisite to a great lyrical composition:—first, a subject that affords scope for the powers of an artist; second, the powers of nature and of cultivation in an artist to bring out the resources of such a subject. No less is this mutual interest of the subject and competency of its treatment necessary to the production of a powerful impression on the world, than perfectly indispensable to the creation of a work of excellence in the highest attributes of art, in those qualities that are without the range of technical definition, beyond the scope of scholastic education. How far the subject Mendelssohn had chosen would have fulfilled the first of these exigencies, it is for all who know its dramatic interest and its sacred impressiveness to judge; how far the author of *St. Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, and *Elijah*, would have fulfilled the second, it is for all who know and inwardly sympathise with the mighty genius that these works manifest to feel. We have great reason in the internal evidence of his works to

* Recitative, Trio, and Choruses composed for an Oratorio entitled "Christus," composed by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Op. 97. Posthumous Work, No. 26. The English Version by W. Bartholomew. Ewer.

suppose that, notwithstanding his pre-eminent success in all classes of composition, Mendelssohn particularly esteemed sacred subjects as the loftiest; not only as matter of reverence but as matter of art, insomuch as he seems to have considered that they afforded the highest scope as well for the imagination as for the technical resources of a musician. These considerations induce the feeling that the incompletion of the *Oratorio of Christ* is, as a loss to the world, most deeply to be regretted, and hence a peculiar interest attaches to the portion of the work that Mendelssohn lived to write, by which he has, at least for the present generation, precluded the subject from the treatment of any other composer.

What is published of this *Oratorio*, we may suppose all that is written, consists of two somewhat extensive fragments—the first intended to form a portion of the first part, which was to embody the *Birth of Christ*, the second which was to have been comprised in the second part, detailing the *Sorrows of Christ*. As in his other *Oratorios*, the text is selected from different parts of the Bible, with the exception of two corales or hymns, the words of which as well as the tunes are, I believe, attributed to Luther.

The first fragment opens with a Recitative for soprano, "When Jesus our Lord was born in Bethlehem." This calls for little remark. It is simple, and thus impressive, relating that the wise men came from the east to worship the newborn infant.

The Recitative introduces a Trio of the Wise Men, "Say, where is he?" for tenor and two basses. This is a most charming piece of vocal harmony, simply accompanied by viola and two violoncellos, with a constantly-moving part for double bass pizzicato. The earnest, calm, and purely devotional character of this concise and most melodious movement is beautifully conceived, and perfectly carried out. The stilly tone of the instrumentation is admirably in keeping with the feeling of the situation, and the point at the conclusion for the voices alone, stands out with charming prominence.

Next follows a Chorus of considerable length and importance, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth." This is chiefly characterised by the undulating accompaniment in triplets of quavers, the continuance of which throughout the various modifications of expression the Chorus embodies, gives a reposeful feeling to the whole that is eminently in keeping with the divine message that the passages from the Old Testament comprised in the text are supposed to convey. The lovely melodic phrase, first given by the female voices, with which the prophetic announcement of the star from Jacob, the sceptre from Israel, is delivered, is most beautifully developed in the successive entry of the several parts, and admirably prolonged until the first full close in the fifth of the original key. Thus far is the divine message fraught with peaceful tidings; but a tone of terrible denunciation is assumed at the words, "that will dash in

pieces ~~princes and nations~~," which are declaimed with great power in a passage that includes some most vigorous modulations; the opening melody with the same words as before, but assuming now a new expression by means of its different treatment, being interspersed between the phrases of this episodical subject, while the original figure of accompaniment being still unbroken, gives unity to the whole. The return to the key of E flat major, and the resumption of the first feeling of the Chorus is brought about with most exquisite effect, to which the previous prolonged harmonies, the anticipation of the opening phrase by the low notes of the tenor voices, the sustained notes of the accompanying voice, and, more than all, the gentle brightness of the introduction of the major key upon a first inversion of the tonic harmony, chiefly tend. The beautiful development that now takes place of the principal subject, evinces the congeniality of the skill with the imagination of the composer, and the lengthened notes of the first full close in the original key of the movement, are like the appropriate rounding of a powerful period in language, and have an earnestness of expression that is eminently solemn and impressive. Here is introduced with singularly good effect a Corale, "As bright the star of morning gleams." What is pre-eminently admirable in the present example of our composer's very favourite practice of appropriating the ancient Lutheran tunes is, first the particular beauty arising from the unusual variety in the Corale itself, and the admirable coloring given to it by the most felicitous harmony of Mendelssohn, as prominent points of which may be cited the unexpected close upon the dominant harmony instead of a modulation into the key of B flat major, at the end of the second strain, the long notes to the line, "Thy word Jesus," and the powerful breadth of the concluding strain; and second, the exquisite manner in which it is made to grow out of the cadence of the Chorus, and in which it is united with the entire movement, by being interspersed with fragments of the figure of accompaniment that has been till now unbrokenly sustained, through which it bursts like sunbeams through a silver mist that has been filled while yet undispersed with their radiance. As in all cases of the employment of these Lutheran tunes incidentally in extensive compositions, in the present instance a very great part of the designed effect must be lost upon an English audience, who are unacquainted with the tunes; but let us suppose a public accustomed to hear, nay, accustomed to sing, these Corales as a portion of divine service at least once a-week, to whom they have thus become from infancy familiar as the Lord's Prayer, or their parent's benediction, and we may imagine what impression must be made upon them by the pertinent introduction of a tune that has been their lifelong subject of household reverence. For us Mendelssohn might as well have composed the Corale as have selected it; for we recognise in it nothing but its intrinsic musical merit, the larger portion of which arises from his

peculiar treatment of it; but there is a purpose far beyond this, that nothing could realise in this country but the similar appropriation of "God save the king"—the only tune I know that is of universal popularity, that is always associated with the same words, and that is in so far of a solemn character as it is a form of prayer, if not of worship.

Thus ends the first fragment, the character of which throughout is of gentleness, and peace, and love. This generalisation is advanced with due regard for the admirable rendering of the passage from the Psalms predicting the destruction of princes and nations; for the feeling given to this passage in the music by the context and by the continuation of the figure of accompaniment imparts a complete unity to the whole of the last Chorus, surely must have been intended to imply that the wrath of the Sceptre which is to come out of Israel will fall, as a protection to the chosen children, upon their enemies and oppressors. The whole scene is beautifully imagined, and the musical rendering is equal to the poetical conception.

The other fragment, from the second part of the Oratorio, opens with a most powerfully dramatic scene, comprising several alternations of Recitative for a tenor solo with continuous movement for the chorus. It presents the trial and condemnation of Christ, and the text is taken from the gospels of St. Luke and St. John. To the solo voice is assigned the narration, including the words of Pilate; to the chorus, the vociferations of the turbulent and exasperated multitude. First, we have the accusation: he perverts the people, forbids the payment of the tribute to Caesar, declares he is Christ, the King. This is declaimed with a wild tone of savage derision; the responses of the chorus of female and of male voices, with the ironical emphasis of the first word in the passage, "He is Christ!" and the contemptuous scorn conveyed in the subsequent rendering of the same words by all the voices in unison, concluding with the piercing cry of execration on the last words, "ein König!" indeed fulfil this description. The narrative is continued in the Recitative, how Pilate said he found no fault with Him. Another still short, though somewhat more extensive, movement for the chorus embodies the cry of the people. He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them in every place. The employment to a very small extent of the fugal form of subject and answer have here a most tumultuous and very dramatic effect, and the few bars of unison at the close are rendered immensely impressive by the previous dispersion of the voices. There is an exquisitely beautiful transition at the opening of the following brief Recitative, in which Pilate again declares that he finds no fault in Him, and that he will therefore chastise Him, and let Him go. Then follows a spirited Allegro, in which the people furiously vociferated "Away with Him, and give us Barabbas!" repeating again and again the name of him whose franchise they demand, in a manner that most vividly presents the vehemence of a

popular excitement. The narrative continues to relate how Pilate expostulated with the multitude, for he was willing to release Him. Then follows a short movement, in which they exclaim, "Crucify Him!" which is eminently interesting from its similitude in character to the scene of the stoning of Stephen in *St. Paul* and to that of Jezebel exciting the people in *Elijah*, seeming to indicate that Mendelssohn had some particular image in his mind of the thirst for vengeance in a bigoted people against the representative of purity, the true agent of Heaven, and, as he repeats the very notes of the chorus in *St. Paul* later in the Oratorio when he describes another uprising against Paul and Barnabas, so he repeats the same idea in *Elijah*, and again in *Christ* when the mob and the Divine Personage of his story are placed in the same relationship with each other. The present short Chorus might, I cannot but surmise, have been different, perhaps better, if that in *St. Paul* had not existed, for there appears to be a somewhat forced, and not quite natural accentuation of the word "crucify," which suggests the idea that in this place he wished to avoid identity, though he could not forego similitude with the other. This Chorus of "Crucify Him!" is the most important portion of the scene in which it stands, important as regards length and construction, and it is certainly the most prominent as regards effect. The Recitative goes on to relate how Pilate said to the people, "Take ye Him, then, and crucify Him, for I can find no fault in Him." Then follows another choral movement of a somewhat more grave and less vehement character than either of the preceding, "We have a sacred law; according to that law he shall perish!" wherein the words must come out with great clearness if properly enunciated, for the voices, which enter successively after the fugal form, are accompanied with the sustained harmony of the string instruments only, which leaves them free for the articulation of the syllables as a solo voice in recitative. The chief subject is briefly but finely worked, and the whole has a broad and energetic effect. This very grand scene, in which the skill of the all-accomplished artist most nobly develops the imaginings of the highest genius, concludes with a Recitative that relates how Pilate delivered their victim to the people, who bore him away followed by a multitude of men and of women bewailing and lamenting for Him. There exist few examples of the appropriation of the artifices of counterpoint to what may be called dramatic purposes, that are so free from the effect of pedantry, and therefore so natural, so entirely true to the action of the scene, as those to which allusion has been made in the above description; one feels not that the scholastic contrivances of the fugue are brought into play, but that the assembled, violently-excited multitude echo from side to side, wholly without order, their mutual feelings of hatred and vengeance; and thus it is that in hiding the means of art the end of art is only fully accomplished. The instrumentation throughout is most powerful;

the forcible treatment of the brass instruments, with the frequent employment of the whole of the string instruments in unison, has prodigious vigour, and the almost constant use of the oboes and clarionets all upon the same notes, produces that quality of tone which only can compete with such a distribution of the rest of the orchestra.

The next piece is a Chorus of most touching pathos and exquisite loveliness, "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and for your children." Language would fail in the attempt to describe the refined beauty of this, the most captivating, if not positively the most admirable portion of the publication. It needs, however, no description in words, for it must become very generally known, and then its merits will manifest themselves to all classes of hearers. There are so many examples of Mendelssohn's pre-eminent success in the truthfulness of plaintive expression, that one may easily suggest to the reader an idea of the feeling of the present exquisite movement by reference to any of these, such as the introduction of the Symphony in A minor, the Chorus in G minor, interspersed with the speeches of the heroine in *Antigone*, the contralto air in E minor in *Elijah*; but while it is so much like these as to identify it with the style of the author, it is unlike them all as each of them is unlike the others, and, containing all that can be of beauty, it is indeed an epitome of the style it embodies. For special points of interest may be cited, first and chief, the opening melody; the very striking transition, and indeed the whole of the episodical matter at the words, "For surely the days are coming when ye shall exclaim unto the mountains, fall down on us!" the declamation of these last words being specially striking; continuous of this is the diminuendo leading back to the original key of G minor, on the words, "Hide us! hide us!" Then, the re-entry of the principal melody, assigned now to the male voices with a response for the sopranos built upon it; then, an inexpressibly beautiful phrase for the soprano voices only, with the limited accompaniment of the two violins *pizzicato*; then, the assignment of the same phrase to the basses, with successive imitations of the other vocal parts; and, not the least, the repetition of the last vocal phrase, by wind instruments, for the concluding Symphony, presenting the echo of one's own thought, or that sense subtler than thought, which clothes not itself in words, and, filling our own being, is incomunicable to others save by sympathy alone. The *pizzicato* accompaniment of quavers in arpeggio that is continued, excepting during the episode, in which as the lament of the weeping daughters of Zion is presented in their own words, a more personal, and therefore more impassioned character is assumed in the music than elsewhere throughout the movement. This *pizzicato* accompaniment has a particularly picturesque effect, and its gradual resumption after the break just named as the only exception to its continuance, leads back most charmingly to the feeling of the principal subject. The recurrence to this is brought about with a felicity peculiar to Mendelssohn by the anticipation of the accent of the opening phrase by the female voices in thirds, with the accompaniment in the unison and octave of oboes and flutes only. The combination of oboes and clarionets in unison, which is most forcible in conjunction with the brass instruments, as in the previous piece, is employed also a great deal in the present Chorus, and, I should think, too freely; for without the counterbalance of trombones and trumpets, the tone produced by this combination is nasal, and little in keeping with the gentle plaintiveness that for the most part prevails throughout the movement.

The last piece brought before us is a Corale, "He leaves his heavenly portals," of which I cannot have the pleasure to speak with the enthusiasm that, up to this point, has gone hand-in-hand with my judgment. The tune itself, is more or less, like most of the others of its class, moving up and down almost unexceptionably in crotchetts, and depending, beyond the associations that those who are familiar with it in divine service must connect with it, wholly upon its treatment by the musician for its effect upon an audience, and the treatment Mendelssohn has given to it is open to considerable question. His harmony is such a mixture of the diatonic and chromatic schools as produces a most unsatisfactory effect, and it involves so many changes of key within so few bars as to leave at the end but a vague impression of what is the real tonic of the movement. Mendelssohn might, or he might not, have retained this piece as it at present stands, had he completed the Oratorio. As we see it, it affords the negative encouragement to aspiring minds that wrestle with theory, and, emulating the highest, fail to attain that beauty which they feel but cannot express—namely, that even Mendelssohn was not immaculate.

Thus much of the intended masterwork of the author of *Elijah* is all that the world can know of Mendelssohn's great design in the oratorio of *Christ*. Most highly interesting it is, and, in many places, preeminently beautiful; but, I am disposed to think, from the evidence of the other works of our composer, and from the knowledge we have of his course of thought and habit of composition, that the greatest parts, those upon which were to rest the importance as a work of art, and as an illustration of the grandest subject, of the unfinished Oratorio were uncommenced when death closed the already brilliant and still more brightly promising career of Mendelssohn.

The adaption of the English text to these invaluable fragments have been, doubtless, a task of peculiar difficulty; for, besides the usual obstacle of fitting the new words to the original expression in defiance of the difference of accent, and the difference of idiom in two languages that present themselves to a translator for music, here has been the additional embarrassment of following as closely as possible the authorised version of the Bible, which must, of course, differ entirely in metre, if I may so define the irregular arrangement of syllables, from the translation of Luther, to which the music was composed. Great praise is due to Mr. W. Bartholomew for having done so much as he has done to preserve in his rendering the original readings of Mendelssohn; but, it is due to the composer, and to the end that he may be duly appreciated, to the world, to point out some disaccordances, which, if they could not be removed, should at least be explained. Among these are; in the first Recitative, in the fourth bar, there is what may be called a comma of the musical sentence, a half-breath for the singer, on the F sharp, to which in English is set the first syllable of the word "Jerusalem," and the phrasing is thus destroyed; again, the strong accent of rising to the first note of a bar, for the last syllable of this same word is contrary to all propriety. In the chorus in E flat, the accentuation of the two first phrases which are constantly repeated throughout the movement is little short of ridiculous. "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth, and a Sceptre from Israel rise up," the words printed in italics being given with great prominence on the first of the bar;—surely the inversion of words so as to make "Jacob" and "Israel" the final words of the respective phrases would have been an

easy and an allowable improvement. In the scene of the trial, much of the original expression is lost in the rendering of the line, "Er sei Christus, ein König!" though some ingenuity is shown in the appropriation of a different text to accommodate the syllabication of the music; again, a decidedly dramatic point is destroyed, where, in the original, the populace reiterate the cry of "Barrabas los, Barrabas los!" which is precisely what every mob would do, namely, to repeat again and again, the name of him they demanded, and in the translation we have, "Give him to us, Give him to us!" in order to preserve the familiar pronunciation of "Barrabas," with the accent on the second syllable, instead of, as in German, and, I believe, in Hebrew, on the first; again, when Pilate gives to the people the responsibility of the crucifixion of Jesus, since he can find no fault with Him, in the German, the accent is on the word answering to "ye," whereas, in the English it is on the word "him," and thus the sense is perverted. In the Chorus, "Daughters of Zion," the want of a syllable in the third bar, for the repetition of the E flat, changes the melody in what is certainly a prominent point, which is made conspicuous by the instruments that play in unison with the voice always repeating the note, and as this phrase of melody, or others like it in accent, is of constant recurrence throughout the movement, the alteration is of no little importance. Other instances might be adduced, such as the change of the accent of "crucify" occasionally from the first to the third syllable, and the like; but those which have been particularized are of the most importance to the general effect, and therefore the most to be regretted, and Mr. W. Bartholomew will, it is hoped, receive these remarks as expressions of regret, not of complaint, since they are made with a due sense of the difficulties with which he has had to contend, and of the great rarity, if indeed possibility, of a talent that can wholly surmount them.

G. A. MACFARREN.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, the entertainments, last week, consisted of *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Juif Errant*, and *La Favorite*, together with the ballet of *La Péri*. On Sunday, the *Prophète* was played and on Monday, *Lucia* and *Vert-Vert*.

The production of *Moïse* has been again postponed.

Mademoiselle Lagrua has entirely recovered from her late indisposition. She will continue her débuts in *Robert the Devil*.

Madame Bosio is engaged at the Grand Opera.

Battaille, whose health is completely re-established, has re-appeared in *Le Père Gaillard*, at the Opéra Comique. This opera was played four times in the course of last week.

Madame Ugalde has sung, since her return to the Opéra Comique, in *La Fille du Régiment*, and *La Fée aux Roses*. She will next appear in *Le Caid*, and *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, *La Pie Voleuse* has been revived without any very remarkable degree of success. The two new operas, *Flore et Zéphire* and *Si j'étais Roi* continue their successful career.

Mons. Gautier, who produced the opera of *Flore et Zéphire* a few days since, has obtained a second success by another opera, entitled *Choisy-le-Roi*. The principal part is very well sustained by Mademoiselle Petit Brière.

Mons. G. Bousquet's new opera is at present in rehearsal. Tabarin, which is the name of the principal character, will be played by Laurent.

Madame Viardot will shortly return to Paris, where she purposes passing the winter.

Sivori has just given his last concert at Brussels. He was greatly applauded.

The new opera of *Undine*, by General Lvoff, was announced for the 20th of this month at the Imperial Opera-house at Vienna. The next novelty will be *Irmene*, by Herr Von Flotow.

Thalberg was to leave Vienna for London on the 15th instant.

It is said that a new opera by Mercadante, entitled *La Violetta*, will shortly be produced at the San-Carlo, at Naples.

Mademoiselle Wagner has been singing at Berlin, in the *Favorite*.

According to the Spanish papers, Madame Julienne has produced a great sensation on the public of Barcelona by her acting and singing in *Lucrezia Borgia*. She was called on several times during the course of the evening.

Madame Flora Fabri has obtained a complete triumph at the Theatre Royal, Madrid. She made her first appearance in the ballet of *Paquita*.

There is a report that Horace Vernet is about to leave France for Algeria, where he intends to settle.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We are obliged by your corrections, and submit with a good grace to the (no doubt just) rebuke of our inky friend—your Printer's Devil—we will try to be more distinct with names of persons in future. Mr. J. Thorne Harris's First Classical Chamber Concert (second series), took place at the Athenaeum Library Hall, on Monday, October 18th, 1852.

PROGRAMME.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 99—F. Schubert; Song, (Adelaide) with pianoforte obligato—Beethoven; Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 45—Mendelssohn; Solo, pianoforte, (Air de Grace)—Meyerbeer. Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin and violoncello, in E flat, No. 2, Op. 70—Beethoven; Solo, violin, (from First Concerto)—De Beriot; Song, (The Alpine Horn) with piano and violoncello obligato, Op. 18—H. Proch; Solo, violoncello, (Melodie)—Bosen; Selection, pianoforte, Notturno—F. Liszt; Souvenirs de Beethoven (by desire)—E. Prudent.

The above admirable selection speaks for itself; no need to put the prefix classical to a programme, comprising the names of Schubert, Beethoven (thrice), and Mendelssohn, to say nothing of Meyerbeer, De Beriot, Proch, Liszt, and Prudent.

The attendance was better than at any former concert of Mr. Harris's, and we never saw the room look so well; some numerous family parties, the larger portion young and of the fairer sex, in elegant evening costume, added much to the appearance of the Hall.

The Earl of Wilton and party honoured Mr. Harris with their presence, adding rank to the beauty and fashion of the audience. The only thing we regretted was to see so great a lack of support from the general body of Mr. Harris's fellow townsmen—excepting one or two clergymen, and a fair sprinkling of organists, we did not recognize a single supporter beyond those from our northern suburb—Broughton—at the church of which Mr. Harris is organist, and not far from

which, too, is the seat of the Earl of Wilton, Heaton House, also to the north of Manchester. A very little more general support from other neighbourhoods would soon fill Mr. Harris's concert room, and only be a fair encouragement and remuneration to a talented and striving young townsman. We were as much gratified at seeing Charles Hallé in the room as any one ; it showed a kindly spirit towards an earnest disciple in the school of which he himself is so great a master. The Earl of Wilton soon drew Hallé to his side, and engaged in remarks with him evidently in approval of Mr. Harris's talent and taste. But to the concert itself. The performance was worthy both the excellent programme and the select audience ; we could not say more in a column ! F. Schubert's trio is new to Manchester ; it is another extraordinary specimen of his wondrous talent in writing for this class of composition ; if not quite so elaborate and lengthy as the one of his produced a year or two ago, by Charles Hallé, at the Assembly Rooms, it is perhaps more beautiful, and more exquisitely finished. We know of no composer, even the most classic of them all, who more fully understood the art of blending the three instruments together, or in introducing those provoking but charming bits of conversation (one instrument replying to another, &c.), which form so marked a feature in an instrumental chamber trio or quartet. The "Allegro moderato" is the longest of the four movements and is marked by a beautiful and plaintive subject near its close. The "Andante" which follows is very delightful ; it requires the greatest delicacy, and winds up pianissimo almost. The "Scherzo Allegro," is lively enough, and there are introduced some of the most striking of the conversational passages we have alluded to. The finale, "Allegro vivace," is a fitting one for so clever a work. Our thanks are due to Mr. Harris for its production, and to his two talented assistants and himself, for their clever and intelligent reading of it. We never heard a piece more closely written, (we mean for the blending of the parts together as played by each instrument) and we never heard a trio more closely played. The applause was marked at the end of each movement, and still louder at the last. Mr. Perring gave Beethoven's song with an unimpassioned style but with some taste and feeling, and was of course most ably accompanied by the concert giver. "Adelaida" is certainly, if not the finest tenor song ever written, one of those that even in such hands we never tire of hearing, and deem the acme of perfection when given by Mario and Charles Hallé.

Mendelssohn's Duo Sonata, in B flat, Op. 45, next brought out Lidel and Harris together most satisfactorily. The three movements have each their distinctive and appropriate character ; the Andante, a plaintive *sujet* like one of Curschmann's songs, "Maiden Gay ;" the finale "Allegro assai," being a flowing Mozartean strain.

Mr. Harris's solo display, in some variations of the "stunning" school, on Meyerbeer's well known air from *Robert le Diable*, "Robert toi que j'aime," showed his command over the instrument in a different school.

The second part opened with our old favourite, Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 2, Op. 70, which was most admirably played. We have so frequently dwelt with delight in these pages on the manifold beauties of this trio, that to repeat them would only be a thrice-told tale ; suffice it to say, that Mr. Harris in the quaint subject in the "allegro," and Mr. Baetens in the fascinating "allegretto," were all that could be desired ; not that these are solo movements, but, in the former, the pianoforte leads or gives out the subject, and

in the second, the violin is principal. The finale "allegro" was as grand from all three, and of course as full of harmonies as ever. Baetens then appeared to great advantage in a solo, in the legitimate violin school of De Beriot—a selection from De Beriot's "first concerto," which, for purity, ease, and finish, was a most grateful display. Mr. Perring's second song, although well sung, was somewhat too quiet, and was chiefly remarkable for its duet obligato accompaniment for pianoforte and violoncello, a style of accompaniment far too seldom heard. Lidel had some very beautiful obligato passages for his violoncello, especially some imitations of the "Alpine horn." After a further distribution of short solos, first for Lidel's violoncello, then for Harris on the pianoforte, in a nocturne of Liszt's, the concert closed well, with a beautiful piece for the pianoforte, by Prudent, called "Souvenirs of Beethoven," introducing very delightfully the lovely air of the "Tremolo," from one of the duo sonatas, for violin and pianoforte. Altogether, with the exception of numbers present, Mr. Harris could not well have made a more successful commencement.

We notice that the remaining three of these interesting series of four chamber concerts are to be spread over the next three months, in lieu of being held fortnightly, and the nights are altered from November 1, 15, and 29, to November 22, December 20, and January 17. We most sincerely wish them all the success they truly merit. We could not, of course, "assist" at the concert at the Free Trade Hall on the same evening, which, we understand, was as crowded as ever, but not quite so successful in performance ; the Misses Drayton being inadequate in power to sing effectively in so large an area as the Free Trade Hall. Next Monday Mrs. Sunderland will again appear.

The Glee and Madrigal Union held a concert at the Free Trade Hall on Wednesday evening, which gave great satisfaction.

On Wednesday last, Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony was given with good effect at the Concert Hall here.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE ordinary stagnation peculiar to provincial theatricals, has this week been stirred in Liverpool, by a novelty, viz., the production of a new piece, bearing the taking title of *Off to the Diggins*, which was produced with the most entire success at our Amphitheatre on Friday evening last. The author of this piece, Mr. J. H. Nightingale, of the *Mail* newspaper, is not quite unknown to fame, having about this time last year, furnished the (London) Adelphi Theatre with the farce of *Bloomerism*, which had a most successful run, both in the metropolis and the provinces ; and from the talent displayed in this, his last production, there can be little doubt but that some enterprising London manager will introduce it to the playgoers of that vast city, ever eager for novelty. A local paper says of it :

As far as we could make out, the plot of the piece is somewhat as follows :—Felix Dapper is shopman in the house of Messrs. White, Choker, and Co., drapers, &c., only a day of completing his twentieth year, without relations, in love with his master's daughter, and, as he pathetically remarks, "no expectations except those of being kicked out when his apprenticeship terminates." In this dilemma he takes counsel of his master's daughter, Miss Sophy, an enthusiastic young lady, fond of novels, who advises him to be an officer, or a cadet in an East Indiaman, and

wear mustachios. While conversing, they are surprised and separated by the voice of Mr. White, who in the next scene is discovered engaged in a matrimonial broil with his wife—the subject of dispute being the marriage of their daughter. While thus naturally employed, Dapper comes in, tells his woes and wishes, and declares his love for Sophy. This raises a complete storm; Mr. and Mrs. White discharge all their wrath on the unfortunate apprentice, who is unceremoniously kicked down stairs. He seeks another interview with his lady love, to whom he passionately declares his intentions of doing something dreadful. The dialogue here is smart and witty; and while the two unfortunate lovers are disengaging, their evil geniuses, in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. White, again appear, tear them asunder, and bundle Dapper out of the house. In his despair he rushes over to a public-house, where he gets so much "gin to drown his bitters" that he becomes shamefully intoxicated, and falls asleep. The next scene, which is supposed to take place in a dream, is "The Diggins," where crowds of Britons are working like slaves, assisted by natives, Yankees, Chinamen, &c. Here poor Dapper cuts a miserable figure,—his only bed for weeks has been a bag filled with broken glass, with a cart wheel for a blanket—he has scarcely had a morsel to eat for days past, while his "location," for which he had paid the Government, has been seized on by some scamps who, armed with revolvers and bowie knives, have driven him from it. He is abused, kicked, and knocked about on all sides, his misfortunes laughed at, and, to crown all, he is arrested by the colonial police as the murderer of a "digger," and the purloiner of his gold, and, amidst his loud protestations of innocence, and the jeers of the miners, he is dragged off to prison. In the meantime, while Mr. and Mrs. White are congratulating themselves upon the easy manner in which they had got rid of Dapper, a stranger is announced—gruff and sharp spoken. He asks for Dapper, is told that he has been dismissed, and then states that he was his uncle, and that he intended to set him up in business. This news has, of course, a marvellous effect on Mr. and Mrs. White,—they soothe the uncle, and with him go to the public house, where they find Dapper just awakened from his dream, screaming "murder—I'm innocent." All things are then "made pleasant" in the usual theatrical style; the uncle gives his nephew £3,000; Mr. White gives him his daughter and takes him into partnership; and with a neat and appropriate tag, so ends the farce of *Off to the Diggins*.

The jokes in the piece are neither few nor far between; and though as usual on such occasions, many of them were not duly appreciated, the dialogue is sufficiently smart to make the farce a lively one. It met with a success beyond the average of provincial "first nights." All the points were well taken up by the audience, and the applause throughout was far from being niggardly. The actors exerted themselves most effectively. Mr. F. Younge acted the part of Dapper with great vivacity, and both as the spruce shopman and the wretched "digger," he created roars of laughter. Mr. Appleby and Mrs. Shalders quarrelled most truthfully as Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. Harker and Miss Baker made the most of the small parts of Sophy and Grumpy. At the termination of the farce both the author and the actors were called before the curtain and rapturously applauded.

MUSIC IN WALES.

Several communications have come to hand respecting the article on the late Eisteddfod, at Newport, inserted in the *Illustrated London News* of last week. We regret that the calls on our space prevent us from giving insertion to the letters before us, which, whilst admitting the justice of the notice of the meeting, suggest various means of improving public taste in Wales. Attention is particularly drawn to church music. Good organists are scarce, and the deficiency of endurable musical choirs is much lamented. If there were a few more professors like Mr. Atkins, of St. Asaph, there would be no reason to despair of progress. But the Welchmen who acquire a knowledge of the art rarely remain in the principality. There is, perhaps, scarcely an English pianist and composer who is rising with such rapidity into public favour as Brinley Richards, of Carmarthen: and Mr. Thomas, of Liverpool, is a first-rate violinist. We are assured in one letter, that

in Newport there is a church without an organ; that the town has not a musical-instrument dealer: and that the local professors and amateurs, instead of combining for the performance of good music, are ever at "loggerheads" amongst themselves; so that, but for the advent of stray London *artistes*, it is impossible to hear music decently performed. This state of things is suicidal—union is everything in art-progress; but there must be also competent local teachers to instruct the masses. Nothing would tend more to improvement than the formation of choral societies, of glee and madrigal societies, and of instrumental societies. Part-singing should be assiduously practised weekly, preparatory to the grand field day—either the execution of an entire oratorio, or of an operatic selection. After the notice of Eisteddfod had been forwarded, the writer had occasion to hear, by an accidental circumstance, a young harp-player of the name of Pollock; he did not play on the Welsh harp, but on the modern instrument; and his executive facility and musical sensibility were of a nature to give confident hopes that, with proper instruction, he may become no ordinary player. He is harpist, we believe, to Lady Morgan. Now, with proper application, this youth might be admitted on advantageous terms to the Royal Academy of Music, and his abilities might eventually be of eminent service to art-advancement in Newport. But he has no means of studying in London, unless he can have a subscription-purse from the inhabitants of Newport, or from some kind patrons. The money spent on an absurd Eisteddfod would be much more appropriately and advantageously devoted in seeking out novices possessing natural aptitude for music, and providing them with the means of having the best masters. And it will be only by the introduction into Wales of really qualified professors, that a thorough change can be expected in her music. With such beautiful melodies as the Welsh possess, it is indeed astonishing that, in this age of universal progress, they remain lethargic and inactive in the fine arts.—*Illustrated London News*.

Original Correspondence.

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—I see by an article in your impression of last week, that an opinion of mine has been quoted from some essays I wrote for your journal nearly twenty years ago. The quotation was used to assist in the reversal of an almost unanimous condemnation of a composition performed at the late Birmingham Festival, and written by Dr. S. S. Wesley.

The opinion is taken from some essays I wrote upon Beethoven, but I have not referred to them, nor do I think it necessary to do so. A long course of study has increased my means of understanding Beethoven, and, if possible, raised my opinion of his large spirit and wonderful school. It has led also to a change of opinion in other points. Surely this lapse of time has had its effect upon Dr. S. S. Wesley also. His failure at Birmingham might reasonably have been expected. A cathedral anthem is good in its place, bad out of it; and a composition which may be thought excellent in the company of Croft and Greene, might be less favourably judged when hand-in-hand with really great artists.

I cannot understand Dr. Spohr's testimonial. I hope he did not intend to convey a sarcasm, and to raise the impression that, since composers in England in general know so little of harmony or melody, he was rather pleased to find there was one, however, who knew somewhat of both. It would apply as well to any Mr. Smith, or Mr. Browne, as to Dr. S. S. Wesley, and, I think, you may properly quote that testimonial in reference to any polka that has been published for these many years past.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.

October 12, 1852.

[This letter should have appeared last week.—ED.]

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—You have my permission to reprint the testimonial I gave the Professor on the 10th of July, 1835. At the time, I recommended an older and more prominent name, and little thought it would be printed and re-printed so frequently. I am afraid it will read too much for what he has done, though not too much for what I expected he would do. He remains an excellent *free fantasia* performer, and a singular *extempore* composer. I have, however, good reason to withdraw the concluding sentence of this certificate.

You have given no report of this anthem in your notice of the Birmingham Festival. If the handling and mechanism were equal to the feeling and reading, it would stand the test of critical ordeal. But like all young writing, it is heart striving to conquer head and hand. Since you refer to its composer's letter in a provincial paper, it would appear you adopt the criticism of another paper on which he so freely remarks. There is no *bardinage* in his letter. The charges are serious, and do not result from a playful temperament. It is not *bardinage* to declare and circulate in every quarter that a writer in a high and responsible situation, is "invariably wrong," that he adopts "an unintelligible jargon," and has been "a scandal amongst us for years," adding the challenge, "if need be, I am quite ready to give a little time to the task of showing what amount of reliance can be properly placed on these musical criticisms." Here is both charge and challenge. The one should be repudiated in a becoming manner, or the challenge instantly accepted.

As a composer only, am I interested in this matter? Upon what can composers rely, if, one day, they are to be rigorously attacked, and the next day all is to be passed off as *bardinage*?

In conclusion, I am of opinion a composer should not be offended at any fair or just criticism. It used to be, in past ages, the custom of writers and artists to submit their works, when undergoing the finishing touches, to all the great men of their day. In connection with this curious fact, Dr. Milman, in his *Life of Tasso*, observes: "The submission of their works to the judgment of every person of reputation and taste, is very remarkable in the great men of that age. They were not, like the Archbishop in *Gil Blas*, offended at the criticisms of those to whom they applied, not even when they were very severe. . . . They spared no trouble, and even sent far and wide, on purpose to obtain the criticisms of those whose understanding and acquirements they valued. This humility and self-possession mark, in general, genius of the highest order, and the collection, so to speak, of the universal taste of their compatriots, was, doubtless, one of the causes of the unrivalled excellency to which the arts attained during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

20th Sept., 1852.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

[The testimonial is a very good testimonial, and we thank Dr. Gauntlett for his kind permission to publish it, but should prefer it in the shape of an advertisement, wherein only would it do us any service.—ED.]

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

October 19, 1852.

SIR.—My object in enclosing you the letter signed H. J. Gauntlett, was to show you that you were admitting into your paper, letters, pro and con, on a subject, from the same individual, for I make no doubt but that the letters in your former numbers, signed "A Subscriber," and "A Subscriber of Sixteen Years Standing" were both the writing of Dr. Gauntlett, who seems to think it worth his while to attack my friend Dr. S. S. Wesley in public papers, and that, too, without adding his name. Moreover, I must say I think the state of feeling existing amongst Musical Professors and reviewers, anything but creditable to them as men.

I shall feel obliged by your allowing me to advise the friends of Dr. Wesley not to notice anything which may appear in your present number from the pen of Dr. Gauntlett.

I cannot, I would add, believe that the course that gentleman

is pleased to follow is the one most conducive to his own prosperity and reputation.

I am, Sir,

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

[We have said the testimonial must take the form of an advertisement. ED. M. W.]

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—It is now about twenty years since my regularly taking in the *Musical World*; in fact, it was then such a diminutive affair, that I scarcely thought it worth continuing, but now that it assumes so much importance as a periodical, I again make its acquaintance—my attention having been drawn to it at a *septett* party, the other evening, by a musical friend, upon hearing me speak in terms of delight Dr. Wesley's anthem, which I heard at the Birmingham Festival, thinking that I would like to read the correspondence which appeared in the *Musical World* of October 2nd and 9th, which productions I have just waded through, with the grievous reflection that, where harmony and good feeling should exist, there is, alas! too much of discord, and that founded upon envy and vindictive feeling.

Mr. Spark I know nothing of, though I admire his taste in approving of the anthem—but, perhaps, as I am only an humble amateur, my opinion is worth nothing—albeit, I can but think that the best criterion whereby to judge of a composition is, the effect that it produces on the hearer, after admitting its credentials on the score of learning, science, and all the rest of the requisites, and I believe nobody questions the Doctor's thorough acquaintance with the Rules of Harmony, though I am not learned enough in the art to go into the matter of "transition of pitch," &c., &c.

In common with Mr. Spark and others, I am not ashamed to confess that the veritable anthem was *my* attraction on the Wednesday Morning, never having heard it, as familiar as it may be to many—for it was only a short time previously that I heard a credo by the same composer, which much delighted me; and, perhaps, I may be allowed to remark that, none but such as is generally considered to be good music, would I give a straw to hear. I congratulate Dr. Wesley upon having attained such a position as to be looked upon with envy, offering him this consolation, that aspersions from an unknown, whether under the cognomen of "A Subscriber," or any other character behind the scenes, go for but little—something like the Burton Ales, more *bitter* than *strong*. Let us have "all fair and above board," when there will be some pleasure in reading *The Musical World*. As to Dr. Wesley's having departed from his "good bringing up," under such auspices as his father, the great Samuel Wesley—for who, with a soul for music, ever heard him without experiencing the greatest delight? and who, upon being congratulated by one of the great masters of the day upon his son's attainments, remarked that it was his own acquirement. I say, then, as to his following another, what can be more desired, than a disciple of Spohr's, for we are not all followers of the justly-renowned Mendelssohn. Some say that the Doctor has adopted the broad style of Handel—whom are we to believe? Perhaps "A Subscriber" will give us an opportunity of judging of some of his own compositions, as he, in the plenitude of his musical knowledge, and sweetly attuned mind and disposition, is so profuse in condemning the compositions of one of our best living musicians, which, with all its "jerks," to my certain knowledge, is approved of, and enjoyed by many, as well as by, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

THOMAS L. TRIPP.

Gloucester, Oct. 18th.

MUSICAL DESTINATIONS AT MONMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

High Street, Newport, Monmouth.

MR. EDITOR, SIR.—Pray take compassion on our state of (musical) destitution, and try if you can induce some respectable and competent Professor of Music, to come and dwell amongst us.

Here we are, a town of 22,000 people, without one single dealer in pianofortes (We have *half* a dealer only, his other half being a *paper hanger*), with only one *tidy* organist, and that one a female;

with no Professor of Singing, nor even of Dancing. As to Professors of any such instruments as the violin, flute, or cornet, we are entirely destitute.

We have the band of the 48th Regiment, but the band master, (a clever Italian), is not at any one's beck and command, so that he can scarce be called any exception to the rule.

A word from you will, perhaps, inform some competent persons of the opening this place offers for obtaining a settlement. Pray help us in this difficulty, above all, to a pianoforte dealer and an organist, both ours being only amateurs.

Your obedient Servant,
MORRIS J. EVANS.

CONCERT AT RANGOON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—A Concert was given this evening, at the Theatre, which has just been erected on the ramparts of the Dagon Shoe Pagoda. The Governor-General and General Godwin honoured the concert with their presence. The following programme was supplied—

Overture	Jubilee	Weber.
Waltz	Fairy Palace	Boose.
Selection	Der Freischutz	Weber.
Polka	Rangoon Promenade	Kuttel.
Waltz	Prima Donna.	Jullien.
Galop	Sturm March.	Bilse.
March	Linda	Donizetti
Bands	H. M. 18th, 51st, and 80th Regiments	
Conductors	{ J. Kuttel H. M. 18th	"
	{ J. Wilson 51st	"
Leader	Serj. Moneypenny	80th

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. WILSON.

Band Master H. M. 51st, and late principal Clarinetist, Royal Academy of Music, London.

Rangoon, July 31st, 1852

[We have much pleasure in publishing the letter of our Rangoon Subscriber, and shall be glad to receive more Rangoon Programmes. Ed. M. W.]

Reviews of Music.

"FAREWELL, THOU LOVELY ONE"—Ballad—Written and Composed by THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE. Z. T. Purday.

Mr. Thomas Lloyd Fowle is author of the Sacred Cantata, "Hymn of Praise of all Nations"—composed in honour of the Great Exhibition—which we have had the pleasure of reviewing some moons since. His song of "Farewell, Thou Lovely One," is a flowing, plaintive Adagio, in F, very expressive of the words. The accompaniments are simple and unpretending. The verses, founded on a hacknied theme, and written without the least poetic skill, are capable of improvement.

"FUNERAL MARCH IN MEMORY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON"—For the Pianoforte, by JOSEPH WILLEMS. Joseph Willems.

The march is a good funeral march, being grave, solemn, and as it were, elegiac in its character, and evidently written *con amore*. It is capitally arranged for the instrument, and is altogether a worthy piece and a recommendable.

Foreign.

(From the New York Musical Times.)

NEW YORK.—MAD. SONTAG'S DEBUT.—We strolled through the moonlight on Tuesday evening last, to the great audience—

chamber of Henrietta Sontag, the German "Queen of Song." The beauty of the night* seemed befitting the Queen's first musical "reception." On passing casually through Union Square, we saw the brightly illuminated hotel, where she is accommodated, and fancied the poor lady—after the serenades outrage and her succeeding illness—just tremblingly preparing to meet the formidable Goths of Gotham.

Floating along with the dense mass down Broadway, the gleam of an occasional white glove betokened, at last, our proximity to the Hall. Around the entrances stood throng of people, among whom the ticket-speculators were busily passing, disposing of their *wares*. Alas! poor Sontag!—we thought—that you and your divine Art should be put to such mercenary uses. But, pressing our way through the crowd, we snatched one of the programmes which bestrewed the stairway, and disdaining the libretti and bouquet-boys, (what has an editor to do with such extravagant luxuries?) we took our seat as one of the vexatious "dead-heads," and found ourselves packed—with other fellow-immortals—into one conglomerate mass of humanity; being partially distinguished from our neighbours, by the "number," up against our back.

The tumult, and dust, and noise of preparation gradually subsided, the air cleared, the gas flashed up, and silken rustle and confused murmur died softly away. The choristers, male and female, filed in, took their places in front of the dense orchestra: an imposing array of musicians, altogether,—to start with. Carl Eckert came in; a pale, Polish-looking young man, with an ample forehead, (like a German Shakespeare) and a student's stoop in the shoulders. The wand was raised, and Weber's weird overture of *Der Freischutz* boomed out upon us in a majestic style. The orchestra was numerous; Eisfeld led off the violins, supported by Noll. The horns were smooth, the execution of the overture square, vigorous, and effective. Hereupon the new tenor, Pozzolini, came forward. The poor fellow had been hoarse all day, scarcely able to speak; he did his best; of course not his best, nor very good. The voice sounded sharp-up from the pitch. He evinced good school and skill; as a tenor, he is inferior.

A few moments more, and the celebrated Sontag stood before us. How difficult it is to reconcile a *real* with an *ideal* celebrity!—She looks like a North German; has lovely, warm blue eyes, a fair complexion, slight *embonpoint*, and carries in her very face, a true, pure, and good nature. Her air is simple, retiring, and slightly *deprecatory*. She has decidedly more *ladylikeness* in her general bearing, than any singer we have yet had among us—creating upon you an impression of *home* quiet, seclusion, privacy and tranquillity. Her voice is not very powerful, but this is atoned for by its *purity* of tone, which renders her organ almost as *pervading*, as though it were a very strong one. Her peculiar excellence lies in the consummate management of her voice—the incredible rapidity and fluency of her execution—and more than all, the *never-forgotten* feeling and emotion which she pours into her tone, even in her most difficult embellishments. We never heard it in any singer before. Like most singers, the German songstress has her little *ways*, which without being part of her music, are accompaniments of it. One of these, is bringing her head slightly forward and *down*, with her clear eyes intently fixed on the audience, when she has a difficult passage to perform; (a peculiarity by the way, of Jenny Lind.) This position seems to assist in the concentration of all the vocal and mental powers. Another peculiarity is the quick little movement of the muscles of the

throat, by which she seems to choke-off,—as it were—the last note of a difficult cadenza. There is also, about the mouth, a very slight distortion, occasionally, which a little mars the otherwise beautiful repose of her features. Her quality of voice is sweet and musical—now and then, in the upper register, when great stress is put upon it, the tones seem slightly overlaid with silver—the delicate silver of forty-seven years, we are forced to presume! but the basis of a naturally very pure and sweet voice, is, even then, distinguishable.

The assistant performers at the concert played their parts. Of Jaell, (pronounced *Yale*) we have heretofore had occasion to speak. He ranks among the pianists of the day; and, in point of sight-reading—interpretation of the classic writers—and general musical capacity, he outruns the majority of moderns. We speak advisedly on these points, having known and heard Jaell in foreign circles.

Young Paul Julien took the audience by surprise. In his becoming costume, his dreamy little face and beautiful little head (we hope, and presume these words will not meet his eye), he was certainly a poetic object—a veritable little *maestro*. His playing, we really think, has all the elements of future greatness; and this to an extent attained by few. He is precocious, but it is the right kind of precocity; he is not over-old, or mature, or hackneyed in his style. It is a finished, and yet it is a childish style. He does not perform with the expression of a grown-up man, but he throws his own pure, innocent, warm, and sensitive nature into his music. It is this which we admire. As we said of him in a former article, his bowing is faultless; he moves up and down the handle of his instrument most dexterously, and always seizes and clinches the note in the right place. The delicacy of his frame, and his lack, as yet, of great strength, is most evident when playing on the fourth string (G), and on the first (E). The pianoforte was perhaps the best instrument, as yet, for an accompaniment, rather than an orchestra; he will soon grow up to this greater mass of accompanying tone. His success on Tuesday evening was very decided; and we think, in taking this "tide of his affairs at the flood," he may achieve a very brilliant career. He is certainly a delightful feature in Sontag's concerts.

The programme closed with Eckert's "Swiss Song," and "Home, sweet Home." The former was very effective and very charming. The accompanying chorus was well drilled, and kept in tune during their subdued performance better than we thought they would. There were no instruments to betray a falling from the key-tone, so that any subsidence was done together, and was not perceptible. Sontag gave us a Jenny Lind trick or two (if trick it may be called), showing that these were things, after all, to be done, and not exceptions in the list of musical accomplishments. The only danger in Sontag's vocal feats is, that she performs them (like Salvi) in so *piano* a tone, and also with such incredible celerity, that the audience will fail to appreciate, nicely, their perfection, and their clear, neat, finished character. We presume a greater stress of tone might interfere with the celebrity; as such stress might tend to force up the chest voice, in certain cases, thus impeding the execution. "Home, sweet Home," that sentimental, poorly put together, and, harmonically speaking, badly conceived melody, was very simply rendered by Sontag; which we consider a courageous thing. The trilling on "The birds singing gaily," was done on Mr. Kyle's flute (Jenny Lind did it herself) and Sontag kept straight on her way, trilling only on the word *like*, at

the close. Her conception of "Home, sweet Home," was the popular one, which is of a sentimental and languid character. Jenny Lind's conception of it was other: she aimed to express a certain enthusiasm about home, and joy at the thought of it: therefore she put it up three or four notes higher than the key in which it is written (a shrewd idea, by the way, to make it brilliant and effective, which she could not make it, on the pitch where it is set).

The success of Sontag in this country, from all present appearances, is decided. We cannot do better, in closing our notice of her this week, than to insert the following interesting communication, which we have just received from our Paris correspondent. Having expressed our own sentiments, we present with much pleasure, those expressed by the able and elegant musical writer, Mr. Fry:

"The Countess Rossi is now among you. Such an artist! If you wish to make the United States a musical country, it will be necessary to keep such interpreters among you. In this lady you will find the perfect culmination of *Italian method*, with a voice like rose leaves on velvet—if one may be allowed the whimsical comparison of likening sound to substance. This artist was the pet of the great Weber—for her he wrote his *Euryanthe*; *Der Freischütz*, at Berlin, electrified the world, she being Agathe. It has been questioned if any one could execute the chromatic scale rapidly: that question is set at rest by her matchless clearness of execution in two octaves. The initiated in music will remember that the diatonic scale is that on which all airs are written, and is composed of seven notes with the eighth added as an octave. The eight notes are composed of several conjoint intervals, two notes in close succession, forming such an interval. Of these intervals, counting from the lowest note, the third to the fourth is a half-tone, and from the seventh to the eighth is a half tone; but all the rest are whole tones. When the whole tones are also divided into half tones, the scale of the octave gives thirteen semitones, the octave included, and is called the chromatic scale. To sing rapidly and clearly these thirteen notes, and double them in the second octave, is prodigiously difficult, and in such execution it is conceded that Madame Sontag, or to give her title, the Countess Rossi, attains as great perfection as ever mortal has achieved, or can ever hope to do. The execution of the chromatic scale indicates equal mastery over every other form of rapid, brilliant, and elegant execution. Not only has Madame Sontag a limpid, but a large execution. She holds a note as well as she links it with her sisters. Her performance of Rode's air in its simple beauty, is as admirable as her transcendent execution of the variations thereunto attached. What might not the stage become if all the profession were off it what the Countess Rossi is! Beethoven well said, "I predict for her a glorious career, for she has heart as well as voice." This heart has guided her in the career of an accomplished lady, and renders her hardly less charming off, than on the stage, or in the concert room. Those grand precepts of vocal study, which culminated under the great Porpora, and made Italy the new home of a lovelier Euterpe than Helenic ecstasy ever awakened, which denied royal roads to achievement, but asserted the majesty of labor as the price of excellence; were all followed by Mdlle. Sontag in her early studies. Her first appearance as *Prima Donna*, at fifteen, was a decided success, and unremitting application, in after years, made her name a watchword of musical beauty."

MADAME ALBONI's last concert in New York during the

season, was to have come off on Tuesday evening last, but was unavoidably postponed on account of irremediable disarrangement of the gas works. It may be proper to remark, in this connection, that no public performer, however meritorious, can now-a-days get on, without plenty of gas. Alboni's farewell concert will be given on Tuesday evening next, when we hope the Hall may be filled to overflowing.

CATHARINE HAYES.—Mr. Barnum has secured tickets for Miss Hayes and her Mother, Herr Mengis, Signor Herold, and attendants, for California, per steamer Illinois, which leaves New York on the 20th inst. Contracts have been signed by the parties above-named, and preparations are being made for a vigorous California campaign. Colonel Henry Sanford, late manager of Barnum's Philadelphia Museum was despatched to San Francisco on the 20th ult., as Barnum's agent. He was accompanied by George Beach, as assistant. Mr. Bushnell, who served in the Jenny Lind campaign, under Barnum, will accompany Miss Hayes to California, as assistant manager.

Dramatic.

STRAND THEATRE.—Another novelty was produced at this house on Monday, the evident success of which on a first representation, ought to insure it a "run" that will compensate Mr. Dumbolton for his active American management. We should like to see his spirited and "go-a-head" principle adopted in some of our larger metropolitan theatres. The new piece in question is by Mrs. William Brough, and is entitled "Uncle Tom's Crib," but nothing save the idea, is "cribbed" from Mrs. Stowe's remarkable book. Indeed, it is a dramatic sketch, worked up in the author's popular way, and the substance of it is that Uncle Tom, the proprietor of the "Negro Head" is unwilling that his daughter Dinah should marry merely for love; consequently he opposes the proposed suit of *Dandy Jim*, a true lover, for the sake of securing one *Mr. Caesar Augustus Squash-top*, a crossing-sweeper, and lecturer on the Rights of Man (shades of Tom Paine!) and the Wrongs of Africa.—*Squash-top's* liquorice tooth consists of an alleged saving to the amount of a fifty-pound note, the result of his "sweeping reform,"—but the unlucky *dénouement* is, that he has stolen the said amount from his rival lover, which ends in his disgrace and the bestowal of the fair (?) *Dinah's* hand on the "nigger" of her choice. A long critique on a sketch would be out of place, therefore having merely sketched the plot of Mr. Brough's "sketch" for the information of the reader, nothing remains to be said, than that the stage version—(not ours), is smart and amusing, and contains some capital home thrusts at our Exeter Hall declamation about Slavery. The air and concerted pieces scattered through the entertainment, are parodies of various well-known operatic gems, amongst which the serenade from "Don Pasquale" is well introduced. Mr. Templeton (*Squash-top*), executed it with neatness, which, after our reminiscences of Mario, is saying *something*. There was a slight "crib" too, from the "Puritani," and the author played an unmistakable game at "cribbage" with poor old and neglected Shakespere, whose exquisite love-scene between *Romeo and Juliet*, was converted into a parody of the "blackest dye." To be brief, however, the trifles went off remarkably well, and the whole corps did full justice to Mr. Brough's whimsicality. Mrs. George made a good "coloured" *Juliet*, and *Mister* George being the successful lover, was of

course natural enough. No wonder *Squash-top* was discarded! The scenery and appointments were in good keeping, and the general approbation from a very full house at the fall of the curtain, ought to have satisfied the manager, the author, and the *corps de théâtre*. In addition to the newly built "Uncle Tom's Crib," which we trust is not a "log cabin" incapable of weathering the storm, we were introduced to a new character in the form of a Mr. Price, whose peculiar style of dancing bids fair to rival the celebrated "Jim Crow" as impersonated by Mr. Rice in former days. His style and precision are original and surprising, to say nothing of the *physique* required to go through the apparent labour of the Yankee ballet. In fine, if Mr. Price's labour be not "slave labour," we are at a loss to imagine what is.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE, DEAN STREET.—This theatre, which has just changed hands, was opened on Saturday night last by the new lessee, Mr. Mowbray, a *nom de théâtre* by which he has been long known as one of the cleverest amateurs of the St. James's Dramatic Society. The pieces were *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Rent Day*, which were sustained to the evident satisfaction of a very full audience. The Romeo of the evening, a Mr. Emery, is a candidate for the profession, and went through the ordeal, (for such it was), as a test of his competency for the regular stage, satisfactorily. He has many things in his favour; youth, good figure, and expressive countenance, graceful carriage and action, and easy self-possession; while with a clear flexible voice, distinct articulation and careful and well-modulated elevation, he avoids all tendency to rant. With such qualifications, he has but to mature and ripen them by careful study, to attain the object of his ambition. Miss Jane Montague was a graceful Juliet and was meritorious, especially for avoiding the common error of novices, exaggeration. The tag of Mrs. Newberry, who personated the nurse very cleverly, upon being called before the curtain was in rather questionable taste. We must not omit a word of praise to the clear and pointed delivery of the several scenes of Friar Lawrence, by Mr. Edwards. The house was very full, and in a private box we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who attended probably to form a judgment on the merits of the Romeo.

The theatre has undergone renovation and is very neatly decorated. The new lessee is infusing new energy and spirit into the establishment, and by various judicious changes, fitting up rooms for rehearsals and meetings of the committees of the several amateur societies; transforming the rooms for the actors from cheerless bare barns, into neat and comfortable dressing rooms, the theatre has now become most convenient and eligible for the objects Mr. Mowbray had in view in becoming the lessee, viz. amateur performances, concerts, lectures, &c. as well as a training school for elocution and for dramatic aspirants.

LYCEUM.—This fashionable and model theatre reopened on Monday night, and drew an assembly of nobility, mobility, and gentry which completely filled every nook and corner of the house. The re-appearance of Madame Vestris after so many conflicting and afflictive reports was no doubt one of the main causes of the attraction. We may say in a word that rumour has foully lied, and that Madame Vestris is now restored to absolute health and strength, that her acting and singing possess all their original force and piquancy, and, moreover, that she herself looks as charming, fascinating, and irresistible as ever. Two novelties inaugurated the present season. The first is an attempt to treat in the old English style a comedy called *La Chasse au Roman*, written

by MM. Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, and produced at the Théâtre des Variétés in February, 1851; the time of action being transferred from modern times to the days of Charles II., and the dialogue being written in blank verse. Sir Amaranth Fitzape—an old beau (Mr. F. Matthews)—from a mere love of profligacy, is anxious to see his nephew Hector (Mr. C. Mathews) run into scrapes, and is constantly disappointed by the timidity of his kinsman. The "ayes" carried their point so far as to bring Mr. C. Mathews before the curtain, but their victory must be attributed rather to the respect felt for the accomplished actor and manager than interpreted in favour of the *Mysterious Lady*, as the new piece is called. The next entertainment was *Medea and Jason*, a burlesque produced at the Haymarket about eight years ago, when it was intended as a satire on Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, then recently brought out at Covent Garden. The story is divided into two parts—one showing the flight of Medea from Colchis with Jason, the other setting forth her vengeance for Jason's infidelity, as recorded by Euripides, though the catastrophe is rendered less tragic by the substitution of a birch rod for a dagger when the children become the victims of their mother's wrath. Except in the tableaux with which each part concludes, and which respectively represent the departure of the Argo from Colchis, and the flight of Medea in her dragon-drawn car, the unchanging stage of the Greeks is preserved, and the action of the drama is carried on in Hellenic style, the part of Chorus being entrusted to Mr. Charles Mathews, who performs his office by chattering descriptive comic songs, first introduced by his late father, and in which he is now unrivaled. The dialogue of *Medea and Jason* sparkles with puns, and is one of the best that has proceeded from the pen of Mr. Planché. Madame Vestris, who was greeted on her entrance with a storm of enthusiasm, looked, acted, and sang admirably as Medea; and Miss Julia St. George made a smart little Jason. The most unequivocally successful piece of the night was the one-act farce called *A House out of Windows*, with which the whole concluded. This farce, which is evidently taken from the French, is so far peculiar that none of the actors tread the stage, but all appear at windows and on balconies. The dialogue is the reverse of brilliant, but the adventures of an ardent lover, who, in pursuit of his beloved, lets himself down from the second floor to a balcony by means of a rope ladder; next suffers the infliction of a heavy shower; then passes from one balcony to another by placing a flower-stand as a bridge; and finally, when in peril from a persecuting old gentleman, contrives to clamber down a lamp-post—these adventures, we say, are sufficiently practical to reach the universal understanding, and each new embarrassment of the *inamorato* drew down a peal of laughter. The briskness and activity of Mr. Roxby, whose part demands no little gymnastic skill, and Mr. Basil Baker's representation of the testy old gentleman, were conducive to the success of this extravagant but slight production.

diffused that it might almost be called instinctive, but which, by cultivation, had been elevated into an art, and perfected into a science. He also showed that the music of a country strongly partakes of the national characteristics. Thus the madrigal, from its great adaptation for social meetings, had been most successfully cultivated in England, and this society was therefore doing good service in fostering this class of music, which was so well fitted to refine and to elevate our home feelings. The musical performances were then commenced by Weelkes's fine madrigal, "Welcome, sweet pleasure." We have often had occasion to speak of the high character which this society, under the management of its able director, Mr. Spark, has gained for itself. The performances bore most gratifying marks that the members are not inclined to lose this character, but are both willing and able to take a very high rank amongst similar provincial societies. Miss Mountain, Miss Brown, and Mr. Webster, very ably and successfully sustained the leading parts. "Where are the visioned hopes of youth?" by Miss Mountain, and "Why are you weeping, dear mother?" by Miss Brown, were beautifully sung and loudly applauded. But the most interesting musical feature of the evening was the debut of two young ladies, members of the society, and pupils of Mr. Spark. They first sang, "Tell me, where do fairies dwell?" and, when loudly encored, gave a pretty duet of Loder's, "Good night." The delight caused by their sweet and cheery voices was universal. They give promise of great future success. Much has already been done to improve their fine natural gifts, and both instructor and pupils had abundant reason to be gratified with the sensation which their singing excited. We are glad to find that the society continues to flourish. On this occasion more than one-half of the vocalists were amateurs, the majority of them having but lately joined the society. It has done, and is doing, great service to the cause of music in this town, and will, we trust, long continue to enjoy constantly increasing success.—*Leeds Mercury.*

YORK.—Oct. 9th. On Thursday evening a grand Concert was given in the Festival Concert-Room, under the patronage of the Yorkshire Union Hunt Club, and for the benefit of the county charities. Jullien's magnificent band occupied the orchestra; and the principal vocalists were Madame E. Garcia and Miss Cicely Nott. The following was the program:—

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture—"Willian Tell"	Rossini.
Quadrille—"St Leger"	Jullien.
Solo—Cornet a Piston—The Romanza, "Il prego udite," from "Pietro Il Grande," Herr Koenig	Jullien.
Valse—"Rose de Mai"	Koenig.
Polacca—From Bellini's Opera, "I Puritani," Miss Cicely Nott	Bellini.
Symphony—"The Allegretto," from the Symphony in F.	Beethoven.
Bolero—Madam Eveline Garcia	Masse.
Quadrille—"The Hibernian"	Jullien.
PART II.	
Opera—Grand Selections from Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots	Meyerbeer.
Polka—"The Crystal Fountain"	Jullien.
Air with Variations—Madame Eveline Garcia	Rodes.
Valse—"La Prima Donna," with Cornet Obligato, Herr Koenig	Jullien.
Alpen Song—"The Echo of Lucerne," Miss C. Nott	Roch Alber.
Galop—"The Review,"	Jullien.

In the unavoidable absence of M. Jullien, (who is now on the continent,) the conducting of the concert devolved upon Herr König, who discharged that important task with the greatest eclat. The band comprised most of the old favourites, and the programme afforded an opportunity for the audience hearing them to the best advantage. If there was any defect, it was in the lack of novelty. We had, however, one selection from Jullien's grand opera - a solo by Herr König, which was rapturously applauded. Madame Eveline Garcin made her *début* before a York audience, and sang a favourite bolero by Masse. She acquitted herself in a very artistic manner, and was warmly encored - when she substituted

the air "La Zingaro," Donizetti. Her execution of Rode's air, with variations, appeared to give satisfaction. We may observe, that none of the singers of the present day sing the one which Madame Catalani excelled in, and which is a very superior arrangement. Miss Cicely Nott again appeared before a York audience. Her voice is much improved since her last visit to this city, and her approximation to excellence is now more certain, as she already displays fine imagination and brilliancy of voice above her years, which, we understand, are under twenty. She is of a school legitimately English. Probably, a journey to Italy, "ere it is too late," might be productive of the happiest results, as we feel certain that she will one day rank with, if not surpass, any English singer. She sang the difficult polaces from the opera of "I Puritani" in a very charming manner; but we think its place is on the stage, and not in the concert-room, as very few singers indeed can give it the desired effect without the aid of scenic representation, which it requires. She also sang the "Echo of Lucerne," much superior to her former performance; and, when encored, she substituted "Home sweet home," with a grace and pathos of absorbing tenderness. The concert terminated at half-past ten, the programme having been restricted, that the votaries of the ball might be enabled the sooner to enjoy the mazy dance. The ball took place in the Great Assembly-Rooms, and was conducted with spirit. The attendance was very large—during the concert every available seat in the Festival Concert-Room was occupied, and among those present were many of our most influential county families. There being reports prejudicial to M. Jullien, as to the cause of his absence on this occasion, it is right we should state that he is now in Italy, on professional business.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

[We have a keen ear and an open, more especially when such a universal favourite as Jullien is concerned; yet have we not heard a mortal whisper of what the *Yorkshire Gazette* alludes to. We know that Jullien is gone to Switzerland; that Jullien is at this moment in Switzerland; haply imbibing from the lake breezes of Geneva fresh inspirations for his next opera. Furthermore we know not—not have we heard any reports prejudicial, or judicial—which if they exist, they must exist without existence. Jullien, we are certain, has not dropped his pocket-book into the Rhone—had he done so, he would not have found it, not having Albert Smith's luck by chalks. We are satisfied that Jullien is above-ground safe and sound, and despise all rumors, which do not exist.—ED. M. W.]

assisted by Mrs. J. Roe.—Miss Stuart likewise elicited an encore for her version of the Irish song, "They won't let me out." Madame Zimmerman contributed airs by Meyerbeer and Kucken, which she sang in an interesting manner. Miss Lowe's clever vocalization in the *aria d'intrata* from *La Sonnambula* deserves a word of commendation. Mr. G. Tedder's version of "The Thorn," elicited, as it invariably does, rapturous encore, upon which he substituted "The Death of Nelson," which was given with remarkable effect. Mr. Walworth, an *eleve* of the Royal Academy of Music, is a basso of merit, and Mr. Barsham, who has studied under Mr. H. Phillips, evinces promise. The concert gave general satisfaction. Herr Anschuez conducted in his usual able manner; his solo on the pianoforte was artistically rendered.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON has been singing during the week with her usual brilliant success at Barnsley, Leeds, Liverpool and Birkenhead.

DR. STEGGALL has just been giving two lectures, at Crosby Hall, on *Music as applied to Religion*. Dr. Steggall has the gift of very excellent language, and, if we may judge from the very great amount of information contained in his lectures, his researches must have been long and deep. The Doctor gave the highest satisfaction to a very crowded room.

HONITON.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Flood, the resident professor of music, gave his annual evening concert, on the 14th inst., at the Assembly Rooms, under distinguished patronage. The vocalists were Miss Stabbach, from London, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Richards, of the cathedral, Exeter, and Miss Flood:—Instrumentalists—Mr. Rendle (violin), Mr. Rice, of Exeter (pianoforte), and Mr. Pinney (clarinet), assisted by several amateurs of Exeter and Honiton. Miss Stabbach, whom Mr. Flood engaged last year, has a pure soprano voice. Her execution of "Una voce," was an excellent effort of vocal declamation. She also gave Donizetti's "In questo simplice," in capital style. Some of the noble patrons wished to hear one of the gems from *Peter the Great*. Unfortunately no part of the great Jullien's great work could be got—the Honitonians thereby lost a treat. It is to be hoped that they may be more fortunate next time. Although Jullien's fame has got to the west, it seems his music has not. Miss Stabbach gave, by particular desire, a song from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled "Sleep, my child," written by Charles Jeffries, composed by S. Glover, and sung with feeling and expression. It was encored. Wrighton's "Sweet home" was also encored, and, in lieu of again repeating it, Miss Stabbach gave a very pretty and simple Scotch song, entitled "Up and over the border." Mr. Wyllie gave, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's "First violet" with taste. His other songs did him equal credit. He has power and a fine voice. Mr. Richards took his part in the glee with his usual ability, and, by desire, the glee "Sleep, gentle lady" was given, which remotely reminded us of the Glee and Madrigal Union, it being sung in their style. Mr. Eames on the flute, Mr. Rendle on the violin, and Mr. Rice, the conductor, acquitted themselves in a praiseworthy manner. The company retired, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the entertainment provided by Mr. Flood.

MARIO leaves London for Florence in a day or two, to take possession of the beautiful Villa Salviati, which he has lately purchased; from thence the great tenor departs for St. Petersburg, to fulfil his forthcoming engagement.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JESSIE GRAY.—We should think the word "Choir," is pronounced neither "Cho-ir," nor "Core," as our fair correspondent requests to know, but "Quire," exactly as it is spelled.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER's Communication in our next.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

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Patentees, Manufacturers, & Importers of Musical Instruments
Music Sellers & Publishers,

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They trust that the reputation they have long enjoyed as Manufacturers, which has been confirmed by the awards of the Great Exhibition, will form a guarantee to the public that their Instruments, of every kind, will be of the first quality, as well those imported and selected from other makers, as those manufactured by themselves.

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Rudall, Rose, and Carte are enabled to state respecting this department, that the Jurors of the Great Exhibition have borne testimony to the excellency of their Instruments, by awarding them the only Prize Medal for Flutes in England. They are also sole Patentees and Manufacturers of Boehm's New Flute, made with Parabola and Cylinder Tube, for which and for the application of his new principles in the construction of the Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon, the Council Medal was awarded. They are now prepared to supply every variety of these Instruments, viz., those constructed upon the new principles with new systems of fingering; those constructed upon the new principles, but adapted to the old system of fingering; and those made altogether on the old system.

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Rudall, Rose, and Carte beg to invite the Professors and Amateurs of the Cornet-a-Pistons to an inspection of their New Cornet, No. 10 in their List, which they submit to their notice unsurpassed either as to elegance of form and high finish of workmanship, or as to beauty of tone and perfection of intonation. Their stock comprehends also genuine instruments from the manufacturers of the celebrated makers in Paris, Astoile, Courtois, Besson, Gautrot, as well as the most approved of their models. Also Kohler's Patent Lever Cornet and the other new Cornets which obtained Prize Medals at the Great Exhibition.

The prices and full particulars respecting Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons, Cornets, Sax Horns, French Horns, Trumpets, Trombones, Drums, &c., are given in detailed Lists, which can be had on application.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,
EXETER HALL.

TWENTY-FIRST SEASON.

THE COMMITTEE have the pleasure to inform the Members, Assistants, and Subscribers that the Large Hall will be RE-OPENED and the Season commences on

FRIDAY, THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER NEXT,

When will be performed, MENDELSSOHN'S unfinished ORATORIO,

CHRISTUS,

(For the first time in London.)

A SELECTION from HANDEL'S ORATORIO,

SAMSON,

As a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington;

A PERFORMANCE ON THE ORGAN;

And SPGR'S ORATORIO,

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

During the recess the Directors of Exeter Hall have caused the building to be entirely repainted. The decoration of the Large Hall, which at the time of the alteration of the ceiling was deferred until the acoustical properties of the building had been fully tested, has now been completed, and it is hoped that the most sanguine anticipations will be fully realised.

The Committee have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the necessary removal of the Organ to cause extensive alterations and additions to be made to that Instrument, with a view of insuring increased effect.

THE SOCIETY'S PERFORMANCES WILL CONTINUE UNDER THE ABLE CONDUCTORSHIP OF MR. COSTA.

The Committee purpose reproducing in the course of the ensuing season Handel's Oratorio, JUDAS MACCABÆUS, and trust to be enabled to revive another of Handel's Oratorios (not performed by the Society for several years), and likewise to produce (for the first time by the Society) Beethoven's celebrated MASS in D, and Mozart's REQUIEM. They also entertain hopes of being able to bring forward at an early period a NEW ORATORIO.

The Committee request the favour of as early an intimation as possible from persons desirous of subscribing for the ensuing Season.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION ARE:

For Central Reserved Seats (numbered) ...	3	3	0
For Aros Reserved Seats (not numbered) ...	2	2	0
For Gallery Seats (each Row numbered) ...	2	2	0
For Body of the Hall ...	1	1	0

Subscribers are entitled to attend the TUESDAY EVENING REHEARSALS, which are occasionally held in the Large Hall.

The number of Concerts included in the Subscription during each of the past two years has been Eleven.

The Concerts during the past Season included performances of the following works:—

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.
ISRAEL IN EGYPT.
SAMSON.
HAYDN'S CREATION.
SEASONS (first time).

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.
ATHALIE.
LONGISANG (Hymn
of Praise).
SPHR'S CALVARY (first time).

Subscribers' Names will be received at the Society's Office, No. 6 in Exeter Hall, which is open daily from 10 till 5, and on Tuesday evenings during the rehearsal from 7 till 10.

6, Exeter Hall,
21 October, 1852.

THOS. BREWER,
Hon. Sec.

JUST PUBLISHED,
JULLIEN'S OPERA,
PIETRO IL GRANDE,
 PERFORMED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS AT THE
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

VOCAL (WITH ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WORDS).

	s. d.
Recit, ed Aria, "CAPANNA UMIL" ("Farewell my humble cot"), Sung by Signor TAMBERLIK.	3 0
Lamento, "O, CIEL, D'UN AFFLITTA!" ("O, heaven, hear my prayer!"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR.	2 6
Romanzina, "NON PARTIR" ("Leave me not"), ... Sung by Signor TAMBERLIK.	2 0
Madrigal, "IN SEN DELL' AMISTA" ("Let's hail the present hour"), ... Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR, Signor TAMBERLIK, TAGLIAPICO, and Herr FORMES.	3 0
Aria Cosacca, "DELL' ARMI IL SUON" ("With ruthless sword"), Sung by Herr FORMES.	2 6
Duetto, "QUAL CLAMOR!" ("Hark, the loud trumpet!"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR and Signor TAMBERLIK.	3 0
Quartetto, "DI STUPORE L'ALMA" ("Deep amazement"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR, Signor TAMBERLIK, TAGLIAPICO, and Herr FORMES.	3 0
Romanza, "AH, SE TU M'AMI!" ("Yes, thou art gone!"), Sung by Signor TAMBERLIK.	3 0
Canto Nazionale, "DI MOSCOVIA ELETTI FIGLI" ("Sons of Rusland"), Sung by Signor TAMBERLIK.	3 0
Grand Scena, "TUTTO E SILENTE" ("All is still"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR.	3 0
Cavatina, "O MIO GENTIL" ("Beloved Zaandam"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR.	2 0
Duetto, "O GIOIA! O LIETO DI!" ("Oh, joy! Oh, fate divine!"), Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR and Signor TAMBERLIK.	4 0
Romanza, "IL PREGO UDITE" ("O, hear, beloved master"), Sung by Signor TAGLIAPICO.	3 0
Polacca, "GRAZIE E SALUTE," ... Sung by Mademoiselle ZERR.	5 0
Duetto, "AH, NON, FRAPPOR!" ("Oh, haste, lose not one moment"), ... Sung by Herr FORMES, Signori TAGLIAPICO, POLONINI, LUIGI MEI, SOLDI, STIGELLI, and Signor TAMBERLIK.	4 0
Septette and Finale, ... Sung by Herr FORMES, Signori TAGLIAPICO, POLONINI, LUIGI MEI, SOLDI, STIGELLI, and Signor TAMBERLIK.	6 0
Preghiera, "THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER," ... Sung by Signor STIGELLI.	2 0
Brindisi, "LE PASSATE ORE SCORDIAM," ("The present hour enjoy"), Sung by Signor STIGELLI.	2 6

INSTRUMENTAL (FROM THE BALLET).

VALSE HOLLANDAISE, ... Danced by Mesdames LEBLOND, KOLEMBERG, SANTI, and THE WHOLE OF THE CORPS DE BALLET.	3 0	PAS DES MARINS (Danse Maritime) ... Danced by Mademoiselle ROBERT and M. ALEXANDRE.	2 0
MAZURKA ... Danced by Mademoiselle ADREANOFF	3 0	GRAND QUADRILLE OF PIETRO IL GRANDE ... Danced by Signor TAGLIAPICO, POLONINI, LUIGI MEI, SOLDI, STIGELLI, and Signor TAMBERLIK.	4 0
POLONAISE DE RECEPTION, ... Danced by Signor STIGELLI.	2 6	LA VARSOVIENNE SCHOTTISCHE ... Danced by Signor STIGELLI.	2 6

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IL GRANDE."

TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF PREC.
BRAZINSKI, ...
As performed at Pultava, July 21st, 1711.

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IL GRANDE" will be published on
the 1st of January next.

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To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holwell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, October 23, 1852.